

Newport Mercury

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The Newport Mercury,
—PUBLISHED BY—
JOHN P. SANBORN.
272 Thames, Cor. Pelham St.,
NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in 1788, and is the oldest newspaper in the United States. It is published every day except on Sundays and public holidays. It is a large and valuable paper, containing a full and complete record of all the news of the day. It is also a valuable source of information for all who are interested in the affairs of the country. It is published at the office of the publisher, John P. Sanborn, at 272 Thames, Cor. Pelham St., Newport, R. I.

Local Matters.

Beach Improvement.

In response to an invitation to the public generally some thirty or more gentlemen, summer residents, members of the City Council and citizens, assembled in the parlors of the Ocean House Wednesday, at 12 o'clock, to informally discuss the condition of Newport or Easton's Beach, and devise some mode of improvement, if possible. Among those present were B. W. Crowningshield, A. B. Emmons, S. W. Rodman, Prof. Cook, Prof. Gibbs and S. H. Whitwell, all of Boston or Cambridge, J. D. Lynch, A. B. Almon, Prof. Gammon, Mayor Powell, Hon. W. P. Sheffield, ex-Lieut. Gov. Fay, Aldermen Newton, Weaver and Horton, President Waters of the Common Council, Councilman Bliss, City Engineer Bentley, L. D. Davis, Charles R. Thurston, Philip Rider, R. H. Derby, Wm. L. Lawton, Geo. Van Wilbur, A. Prescott Baker, A. O'D. Taylor, Walter Sherman, John P. Sanborn and others. The meeting was called to order by Mr. John G. Weaver. John P. Sanborn was chosen chairman and L. D. Davis secretary. Mr. B. W. Crowningshield, of Boston, opened the discussion by stating the necessity of the contemplated improvements, showing how the beach and the surroundings could be made a beautiful spot instead of the unsightly place it is now. He stated that he was willing to acquiesce in almost any plan that might be suggested, and wound up by stating that he would pledge himself to give \$3000 towards the contemplated improvements. He was followed by Mr. J. D. Lynch, of New York, who pledged himself to give \$1000. A general discussion was then had which was participated in by Prof. Wolcott Gibbs, Hon. W. P. Sheffield, Prof. Gammon, Mr. J. D. Davis, ex-Governor Fay, Mayor Powell, Aldermen Newton, Councilmen Waters and Bliss, Prof. Cooke and others. City Engineer Bentley exhibited his plans for improvement of the beach, which seemed to meet with general approval. On motion of Mr. B. W. Crowningshield and A. B. Emmons was added, was appointed to solicit subscriptions, formulate plans and carry the work of improvement into execution. A subscription paper was opened and quite a large sum subscribed on the spot for carrying on this work. It looks now as though the long talked of and much needed improvements would soon commence to be a reality.

Gov. Wetmore has presented Charles E. Lawton Post G. A. R. a handsome picture containing the portraits of all the past and present Commanders-in-Chief of the Grand Army. The picture is handsomely framed and is a great ornament to the Post Hall. It was formally received Wednesday evening, and a committee consisting of Aldermen Hamilton and Comrade C. E. Harvey was appointed to extend to His Excellency a suitable vote of thanks.

The additional members of the Honorary Committee to assist Charles E. Lawton Post in raising funds for the soldiers' and sailors' monument are ex-Mayor Franklin, Rev. James Coyle, John Nicholas Brown, T. Munford Schurz, Col. Jere W. Horton, Col. A. C. Lumsden, John J. Peckham, and Rev. M. Van Horne.

The new cat boat, built by Mr. Benjamin S. Caswell, for his own use, was "robbed up," before she was finished, and is now the property of Mr. W. H. Knowles, of Jamestown; who upon purchasing, christened her "Thetis." She is a good sailer, and works "like a top."

Mr. Daniel Watson has sold for R. M. Olyphant, of New York, two acres of land near Ferry Meadows here, and on the east shore, to Robert B. King, of St. Louis, and Professor Edwin Roth, of Philadelphia, for \$7000.

Hon. T. T. Carr, Gardner B. Reynolds and wife and two or three more of our people have gone to Boston to return in Capt. Clifford's new schooner which is expected here on Saturday.

An Important Land Sale.

The Eaton Ferry property, so-called, located on the Narragansett shore, opposite Conanicut Island, has been sold through Mr. Daniel Watson to Mr. E. W. Davis of the well-known firm of Perry Davis & Son of Providence, on private terms. This property comprises about 100 acres of land, beautifully located along the Narragansett shore, and includes what is known as the South Ferry. It is considered an important sale inasmuch as it is understood that Mr. Davis intends the immediate improvement of the land and the establishment of a steam ferry to ply between it and the west ferry so-called, on the west side of Conanicut Island. This would fill a long-felt want as it would make a direct route from Newport to that part of Narragansett now so difficult to reach. Mr. Davis it is understood, has made most liberal propositions to the Jamestown and Newport Ferry Company and it is not improbable that the boat at present used between here and Jamestown will, when replaced by the new steamer Conanicut, be transferred to the west channel.

With these lines in operation Newport parties could drive to Narragansett Pier and back in a couple of hours, as after landing on the Newport side of the island to the West ferry which is within a two miles' sail of the newly purchased property and then it is but four miles from the Pier. The purchase of the Eaton property was doubtless for the purpose of speculation and it will probably be cut up into building sites for summer residences for which it is most pleasantly situated.

A Brave Act.

Mr. William C. Swinburne, son of Mr. William J. Swinburne, performed a brave act on Monday afternoon. He was standing at the head of Commercial Wharf when his attention was attracted to a pair of horses running northward from down town at a break-neck pace. He saw his opportunity to save life and as the animals were passing he reached forward, grabbed the horses and then clung to them like grim death succeeding in bringing up the maddened animals after they had run, with him still holding on, two or three blocks further. The horses had run from the Ocean House. There was a gentleman, two ladies and a child in the carriage, but they were not hurt, fortunately.

Yesterday Mr. H. C. Rowley of Springfield, Mass., whose wife and child were in the carriage, called upon Mr. Swinburne and presented him with a handsome gold watch which he had had made to order by David Mayer of Hartford. The cases are exceedingly heavy and handsomely engraved and the movement is of nickel, full ruby jeweled. The hands are gold, set in diamonds. On the outside case appear Mr. Swinburne's initials in monogram while the inside has the following inscription:

Presented to
William C. Swinburne
Newport, R. I.
by
H. C. Rowley,
in appreciation of heroic
service rendered
July 25, 1886.

It is certainly one of the handsomest watches we have ever seen and Mr. Swinburne may well be proud of its possession—his friends are proud for him.

The James Clifford.

The new town schooner James Clifford, was towed from Boston to Boston Light, on her way to Newport, on Thursday morning. Capt. Clifford has as his guests on this first voyage, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Reynolds, Miss Gould, Hon. T. T. Carr, and Mr. Brooks, son of the builder. Mr. Geo. E. Crandall, of this city, who supervised the building of the schooner, accompanied the party as far as the light and then returned to Boston by the tug and arrived home on the train Thursday evening. The schooner is hourly expected here.

A year or so ago the firm of Stodler & Rowley, who did a respectable business on Thames street, broke up and the partners went West. The junior partner, Mr. B. D. Rowley, got out as far as Conway Springs, Kansas, and we have just received information to the effect that he has been elected Mayor of that city. We congratulate our former fellow-citizen upon his bright prospects. The town over which he has been elected Mayor was started some two years ago and now has a city charter and all the other machinery required to run a city in New England.

There seems to be an impression abroad that the decision of the Supreme Court declaring unconstitutional portions of chapter 57, in some way effects the present probitory amendment. Now this is a mistake. The act declared unconstitutional is the old license law which was invalidated by the probitory amendment. The new law has not been considered by the Court in any way and it will not be advisable for any one to go contrary to its edicts with the hope that the Supreme Court will interfere with it.

Boston vs. Newport at Cricket.

The Cricket Match between the Boston and Newport attracted quite a large number of people to the City Grounds Wednesday. An excellent game resulted, both sides showing some sterling play especially in the field. Newport went to the bat at ten forty-five with Tom Pettitt and O'Hare handling the ball for Boston. Hindle, Leach, O'Brien, Smith and Donnick came to the front with good scores, the total of the first innings being fifty-seven.

After luncheon Boston went in to bat the bowling of Murphy and O'Brien who were both on the spot, the first innings closing for forty-nine. In the second innings Newport only managed to reach thirty-four; this left the Bostonians forty-three to get to win the match, which they evidently counted upon doing. Our boys, however, by magnificent play all around, sent the Boston team back with the small total of fourteen, Newport thus winning a hard fought game by twenty-eight runs.

Hunting for Coot.

Some time last April a large boat belonging to a stock company of local sports was stolen from the city wharf, the moorings being deliberately cut. Since that time nothing had been heard of the craft by the owners until Wednesday night when a party of young men brought her to anchor off Briggs wharf. Notice of the fact was sent to police headquarters and Capt. Garnett and Sergeant Scott in company with one of the owners started for the wharf. Arriving just in time to see the "Coot" making up the river under full sail, they took a carriage and drove to Coddington Point where, procuring another boat they started in pursuit of the runaway. The stolen boat proved the faster sailer, however, and they were forced to give up the chase.

Improvement Notes.

Nathan Barker has bought the "Mumford Hazard" cottage and Thomas Preece is moving it from Audanale Road to Howard avenue. Where Mr. Barker has lately bought a lot upon which to place his house. The lot purchased by Mr. Barker is near Kay street.

William J. Underwood is having a new barn built on the "Paddock" estate, Spring street.

The Coddington school house fence is being repaired.

The movement inaugurated at the Ocean House Wednesday for a general system of beach improvement should meet with the cordial support not only of those who own property in that vicinity but of the citizens generally. The beach can be made with a small outlay a most beautiful spot. It has long been an eyesore. The movement now started carries with it the substantial support of a money backing and if the city council will appropriate at once the \$3000 which they have a right to do, the work can be begun at once and under the most favorable auspices as far as the city is concerned. When the city can have a large share of the money given them for a great public improvement of this kind, they ought to be willing to appropriate what the law allows them to do to aid the project.

The suddenness of the death of Miss Lizzie Westcott, daughter of Mr. W. H. Westcott, is a matter of most profound astonishment to the many friends who believed her to be in good health, while the fact of her decease is deplored by all with whom she was acquainted. She was seized with an illness on Monday and died early Tuesday morning. She possessed the confidence and esteem of her acquaintances and the affection of her friends in a very large degree, and she was well worthy of it. The sympathy of the community will go out to her bereaved parents. The funeral took place Thursday, Rev. G. J. Magill officiating. There was a large attendance of sorrowing relatives and friends a great many of whom testified to their love for deceased young lady by contributing numerous lovely floral pieces.

The City Documents for 1885 with tax list for 1886 has just been printed by Davis & Pitman. It is a handsome printed volume of over three hundred pages. The workmanship does great credit to the printers. The book itself has grown from a volume of little over a hundred pages of a few years ago to its present gigantic proportions and contains matters of interest and food for reflection that will take the taxpayers some time to peruse.

The Guild Book of Newport, issued annually by Col. F. G. Harris, has made its appearance and is full of just such information as both strangers and citizens desire to know. It also contains a full list of summer residents, officers of Fort Adams, Torpedo and Naval Training Stations, and also a carefully prepared article on Newport and her attractions.

The Assonet Brass Band of Free-town, Mass., are making arrangements to charter a steambot for an excursion to Newport at an early day.

A NOTED BURGLAR.

Brought from Chicago and lodged in Newport Jail by Pinkerton's Men—Story of His Alleged Crimes—His Arrangement—Heads Not Gaily—Identified. About two years ago the summer residents of Newport and vicinity were annoyed by frequent attempts by some party to burglarize their premises when they were temporarily away, or perhaps eating supper in the dining room in the lower part of the house. The attempts made at the different cottages were what is known by the detectives as a "two-story" burglar operation. The burglar would climb to the porch on the second story in the early part of the evening when the rooms were not occupied, and the chances were that in almost every instance a successful operation could be made. Among the residences entered in particular were those of Admiral Baldwin, John G. Heeksher and Miss Kennedy. The two story operations being repeated this year, Mayor Powell decided to take action towards finding the party or parties doing the stealing, and employed the Pinkerton detective agency to assist the Newport officers in their search, paying the detectives out of his own pocket.

A careful investigation of the principal operations showed that Admiral Baldwin was the victim of two successful attempts by the burglars. The first one was on the evening of September 12, 1885, when his house was entered from the second story and several thousand dollars worth of jewelry stolen. The second attempt was made the first of the present month, when about \$2000 worth of silverware was taken. When the first visit was made last September the burglar was frightened away before he had completed his work, he having heard the servant girl coming upstairs, and in his hasty departure left about \$2000 worth of diamonds on a table in the room. A day or two after a man acting in a suspicious manner was seen by various farm hands walking up and down the railroad track near the Coal Mines, apparently looking for something, and when he was questioned about his search he replied by saying that "a friend of his had lost a watch on the road the night previous and he was looking for it." It afterwards proved, however, that he was looking for a safe place to bury the stolen property, so that he could continue his work.

The men made a careful examination and they found the jewelry about a week afterwards buried in the side of the road. Investigation into the Kennedy case revealed the fact that about three years ago about \$10,000 worth of jewelry was obtained by the burglars and shipped to Chicago, where it was afterwards recovered.

This latter recovery of property in Chicago immediately prompted the Pinkerton detective agency to think that a man by the name of George Ingle, alias Charles Warren, was the man that was wanted. A communication was at once sent to Pinkerton's Chicago agency to keep a sharp lookout for Ingle, as he was probably in that city. After a quiet search it was learned that the famous professional burglar, George Ingle, was keeping a small restaurant at the corner of Adams and Dearborn streets, and had recently moved to 318 Van Buren street. He was "shadowed" by the detectives, and upon the testimony of the farm hands who had seen him on the railroad track at the Coal Mines, it was ascertained that he answered the description exactly.

His arrest was ordered, and Monday Ingle was taken into custody. Requisition papers were immediately secured, and Detective Richards of Newport and a detective from the Boston office of the Pinkerton agency left Monday night to bring Ingle to Newport for trial.

The arrival of the Old Colony Boston train at six o'clock Wednesday evening found the depot literally surrounded by citizens, old and young, who had turned out en masse, to see Pinkerton's famous "second-story" burglar. The prisoner alighted from the car in the custody of detectives Butler, Healy and Richards, the two former being of Pinkerton's Boston agency, and the latter of Newport; Healy and Richards had accompanied the prisoner from Chicago. Butler has been here for the past week or two. Chief of Police Turner was on the platform and escorted the party to an open landau which conveyed them to police headquarters, followed by the crowd. The prisoner took his seat in the carriage with smiling reference to his "reception by the kids." At the station he was registered as "Charles Ingle, brought from Chicago by Healy and Richards, on a requisition for burglary." Detective Healy said, placing his finger on the word "burglary," "Is that right, Charles?" and received an emphatic negative. Ingle was then searched, but a paper-covered novel, "Othamar," which he held in his hand, was all that could be found and this he was allowed to retain. An hour later he was found in his cell by the Mayor's representative quietly reading this novel. He said he had no fear regarding his arrest except for his family which "consists of two children, and a wife about to present me a third. They can't hold me, notwithstanding I have

a bad record. I have lived an honorable life for seven years, but a record hangs to a man; why, I have been in business in Chicago for eighteen months and lived there for many years, but up to seven or eight months ago I was arrested on an average of twenty times a week. I was always found to be the wrong man, however, and will be found so this time. The amount of it is, the authorities have pictures that look like me and people recognize the picture as that of the person wanted, but when they see me they say 'it wasn't him.' Oh I can prove an alibi by hundreds. I was never in Newport, but once before and that was in 1870, and then I remained but two days. It is damned unpleasant having a bad record."

The officers in charge of the station, realizing the responsibility attending the care of so distinguished a prisoner, made constant visits to his cell. On one of these visits the officer discovered that the man who a few hours before had been committed with a full fledged moustache wore a comparatively smooth face. An examination showed that Ingle had, by pulling and scraping with an old nail or something of the kind, succeeded in removing nearly all of the hair from his upper lip. The prisoner was immediately transferred to an iron cell in the jail for safe keeping.

Thursday noon, after listening attentively to the reading of the warrant by Sergeant Curley, he was removed from his cell and taken to the reception room where Judge Baker, Judge Ward, Sheriff Easton, Detectives Richards and Butler and members of the press were in waiting. He was immediately arraigned and, waiving a second reading of the warrant, pleaded not guilty. The case was then continued to next Friday and in default of \$2500 bail the prisoner was returned to his cell. Ingle had succeeded in completing his tonsorial work begun in the station and appeared before the judge with a smooth face. The absence of the moustache altered his appearance quite materially and the ability to identify him as the man seen on the railroad track last fall seemed doubtful. The prosecution, however, have set to work with a good will and are clearing up as they go. Thursday afternoon Messrs. John P. Mahoney and Henry F. Anthony, the farm hands referred to above, came in from Portsmouth to take a look at the prisoner. They were taken to the jail by Detectives Richards and Butler and escorted to the corridor. Directly Ingle saw them he lowered his eyes and turned away, but it was too late. Recovering himself he said to the Detectives, "Who are they? Are they Mawks? (meaning curiosity seekers). He then almost immediately asked "Are they Rappers," meaning identifiers and no reply was vouchsafed to them. But the object of the visit had been accomplished. The farm hands had recognized the man and now are willing to swear that Ingle is the man they saw on the railroad track in connection with another, searching for the alleged plunder. Then their visit came to an end. It is stated that when Ingle was arrested at his home his wife exclaimed "There, I told you so." There are other circumstances of a very serious character which would justify the suspicion that he was the thief. The interest in this case is increasing very materially. Detective Richards has done splendid service in this matter. Ingle wrote a letter to his wife Thursday and evidently feels for her position. She is said to be very devoted to him.

The capture of Ingle is due to Mayor Powell, who employed the Pinkerton detective agency to do the work at his personal expense.

Gen. James H. Van Alen, who was lost from the steamer Umbria last week under such painful circumstances, formerly owned the property where Governor Wetmore's beautiful villa now stands, and some twenty-five or thirty years ago had a handsome cottage erected there for his occupancy. It was burned down before reaching completion and he sold the property to Gov. Wetmore's father. The house that was burned was built under contract by the father of the late Joseph Bradford. Much of the improvement in Newport real estate owes its origin to the enterprise and wealth of Gen. Van Alen, and he will be greatly missed here.

St. Joseph's Total Abstinence Society made an excursion to Rocky Point yesterday which was participated in by hundreds of the Society's friends. The Society were accompanied by the full Newport Band and made a creditable street parade before going to the boat. Mrs. Mary R., widow of the late Ira French of this city, died at Quincy, Mass., where she has of late resided, on Wednesday, in the 83d year of her age. The interment will take place here today.

The New York Sunday World with an elaborate illustrated article on Newport will be here at 8:30 o'clock to-morrow morning. Order copies in advance of the newswriters.

Mr. J. E. Chamberlain former editor of the Daily News is a guest of Mr. T. T. Pitman on High street.

CUBAN INTERESTS.

A Disastrous Rainfall—No Encouragement to Planters—Havana Cool and Healthy—Summer Pastimes, Etc. HAVANA, July 22, 1886.

Editor of Mercury:—During Saturday Sunday and Monday last, Cuba was visited by the greatest rainfall ever experienced, by actual measurement 8 inches of water on a level, causing immense damage to growing crop and destroying bridges, roads, and many dwellings. Happily there were only one or two instances of loss of human life though many animals perished. The streets of Havana were flooded to the depth of three and four feet, and water stood three and four inches deep on the floors of houses. Such vivid lightning and heavy thunder cannot be found north of the Tropics. Luckily there was no wind at the time, though many predicted a hurricane, and a slight earthquake was felt. We have had very heavy rains all the week, and fully realize that this is the rainy season. During the storm the mercury fell 7 degrees and the temperature still continues fairly comfortable, we do not have to bear such extremes of heat as is reported from far northern points, where I read the mercury enjoys 105 degrees. Here in Havana we range from 87° to 90° rarely exceeding the latter figure.

Owing to the low price of sugar, many Cuban families who every year are in the habit of visiting the United States and Europe, are compelled to remain at home, some of our largest planters being unable to meet their payments for engineers and sugar makers, for the last crop.

We have several places by the sea, which it is now quite the custom to visit in summer time. One can take the cars to Ordado, 3 miles west of Havana, where there are salt water baths, and always a fine sea breeze from the Gulf, or to Marianas, nine miles from the city, which is delightfully situated on high land, over looking the Gulf of Mexico, and having a charming farming country, all around with fine roads, and good fishing as well as bathing. Fish are very abundant; with five cents worth of bait and one or two hours time in the early morning, sufficient fish of good size may be obtained, for a day's supply. I have frequently taken seven or eight pounds between five and seven o'clock A. M., within a half mile from the city. The ocean near Cuba is alive with fish, and the bottom must be covered with crabs, yet prices in the markets are high to the consumer, averaging 15 to 20 cents per pound. The government derives a large revenue from fish. A clerk weighs all that are brought to the markets for sale, collecting the duty from the wholesale dealers or fishermen.

With all the rain, fog is little known in Cuba, the heavy rain clouds form rapidly at the south, come over the Island from the Caribbean Sea, meeting the Gulf winds, drop their great burden over us, and pass on to the northward. Cloud scenery is very grand at this time of year, inviting the attention of those who take an interest in the wonderful creatures of nature.

Our city continues very healthy, the summer is fast passing while business of all kinds is very dull. The reports of the prospect of a large crop in Europe, of beet sugars which compete with cane sugars, will give the Cuban sugar planter little encouragement for the future, he will have to cultivate at home, all those products of other countries, which he has bought so freely, in times of high prices for sugar, and which can be produced on this island as cheaply as anywhere else, giving employment to lands and people of Cuba.

J. R. S.

Commander Casper F. Goodrich has been ordered to the command of the Torpedo Station, August 6th, relieving commander W. T. Sampson, the new superintendent of the Naval Academy. Commander Goodrich has been on duty for some time at the Navy Department in the ordnance bureau, and he is also a member of the board on additional naval vessels. He was formerly the naval representative at the United States Legation in London, and commanded the Arctic steamer Alert when she came to this country for the Greely relief expedition.

Mrs. Marin gave a very delightful young peoples lawn party at her cottage of Kay street Monday afternoon. Mrs. Marin and her jovial husband, Captain Marin, did everything possible for the comfort and enjoyment of the guests. Col. A. C. Landers erected a very handsome tent on the lawn and in the matter of decorations assisted to increase the pleasure of the guests.

The Goolet Cup.

The schooner and sloop cup offered the yachts of the New York Yacht Club will probably be sailed for a week from Monday, weather permitting. The course will be the same as previous years.

The names of the players comprising the Hurlingham Team who are matching to play a team of the Westchester Club at Newport are: Mr. John Watson, captain; Captain the Honorable R. Lawley, Captain F. Hone and Mr. Malcolm Little.

Reduction in the Price of Coal

JUNE 25, 1886.

Until further notice, our prices for Coal will be as follows for CASH.

WHITE ASH STOVE,

\$5.25.

White Ash Chestnut,

\$5.00.

White Ash Egg,

\$5.00.

White Ash Furnace,

\$5.00.

Red Ash Stove,

\$6.50.

Lykens Valley,

\$7.00.

CUMBERLAND COAL,

\$5.50.

We have the best varieties, and we carefully screen and promptly deliver our orders.

Gardiner B. Reynolds & Co.,

OPP. POST OFFICE.

CITY BRIEFS.

Jottings of Newport and Newporters.

Mr. E. W. Gould of New York is in town.

Hon. Nicholas Ball of Block Island was in town Thursday.

Col. John C. Seabury is confined to his residence by illness.

Col. George R. Fearing is at the Malvern House, Bar Harbor.

Miss Sarah Phillips, of this city, has gone on a visit to friends in Brooklyn for a couple of weeks.

Steamer City of Worcester brought the largest excursion of the season yesterday. She was from New London.

The Viscountess d' Anglemont and Mr. and Mrs. Ronalds Thomas will arrive here on the first day of August.

Mrs. R. L. Kennedy, of New York, will arrive at the Charles H. Russell cottage, Oak Lawn, on Monday morning.

Mr. H. A. McGlenon, business manager of the Boston Theatre, was in town Wednesday visiting his daughter Mrs. H. G. McGlenon.

The Canonicos brought a large party of Odd Fellows from Warren and Bristol Wednesday afternoon. They were accompanied by the Bristol band.

Rev. J. E. Kittredge, D. D., of Genesee, N. Y., will preach at the Thames street Methodist Episcopal Church, Sunday evening at 7:30 o'clock.

There was a large excursion into Newport Wednesday from Lakeville and Mansfield. There were about three hundred persons present. They returned about five o'clock.

Rev. Henry G. Weston, D. D., President of Crozer Theological Seminary at Chester, Pa., and Mrs. Weston are visiting Mrs. P. S. Taggart at Maple-side.

Captain E. O. Matthews, U. S. Navy, left here Thursday morning for New York. He will not return again prior to leaving on the "Brooklyn" for the three years cruise.

There was a pretty good attendance on the grounds of the Westchester Polo Club Wednesday afternoon, when a match was played for a handsome scarf pin.

Mr. John Booth, a very worthy citizen, who has for years been in General Van Alen's employ, has become insane within a few days. Efforts are being made to have him sent to the Butler's Asylum.

The funeral of Mrs. Wilcox, wife of officer George A. Wilcox, took place Wednesday. Deceased lady was an exceptionally worthy citizen, always having a kind word for friend and neighbor and trying to make things brighter by her presence. Her husband is in dire distress and will have the sympathy of all his fellow citizens.

Poetry.

Loving For Something.

BY INOUESE K. KATON.

There is music in the country
That I long once more to hear;
The warbling of the song birds,
With their sweet, inconstant cheer.
The sound of babbling brooklet
As it through the meadow glides,
And the whispering trees low murmur
As each in each confides.
The humming of the wild bee
As it darts the flowers' sweet,
And the croaking of the bull-frog
With the one song he repeats.
Oh! I long to catch the sweetest
That the blossoms now exalt,
As they bloom along the walk-side
And dot the hill and dale.
There's the iris, clad in velvet,
Farthest off of her race;
In her beauty so simple
That the daisies watch her face.
And the buttercups, bright dirlings!
How at rest and glad they seem
As they rock, touched by the zephyrs,
And are sung to by the stream.
Eglantine and budding grapevine
Wake my thoughts to longings;
The tender odors of the rose
And long to see them grow!
Then outward to the country take me,
To view Nature's charms again;
To see flowers, trees, and grasses,
For they make life's sweetest scene.

Under her bonnet, bright blue eyes,
And silken hair of the goldenest gold,
Red lips as fair as strawberries,
And dimpled cheeks of faintest mold.
Under her bonnet a soft voice croons
The song of love that thrills the heart;
I hear you, Alice, tell the tender tones
Sweet music of my life become a part.
Under her bonnet the forehead fair
Speaks of a mind that is all at peace,
And crowns a youth as free from care
As a bird that sports in the trees.
Under her bonnet a rosy cheek
Welcomes the touch of fragrant curls,
Oh, pretty maiden, so dear and meek,
Oh, one of a thousand country girls.
Under her bonnet I look and lean,
How tender, how loving, how half afraid;
For who can tell what a girl can mean
Or read the thoughts of the simplest maid?
Under her bonnet I cast my hope,
Thither I turn my eyes longingly;
And now I triumph and now I grieve
In the dark as I think of the prize.
Under her bonnet I pray and plead
And place my lips, for what do you guess?
I clasp her hands, she is mine, indeed,
For under her bonnet she whispers "Yes."

Selected Tale.

THE LUCKY GLEANER.

It was a terrible break-up. The loving husband, the tender father, had gone to his rest, and now Edith and her mother had to face the world alone. Nor was this all. Mr. Miller had been generally considered one of the wealthiest farmers in the neighborhood, but he was now found to have died insolvent. For years he had been living beyond his means.

"I told you so," said one of the wise-women, "when he sent his darter to school in Richmond, as if the schools here wasn't good enough! I knowed how it would be."

The farm was mortgaged for its entire value, and was immediately foreclosed; and when other debts were paid there was not a shilling left.

Edith and her mother would have had no roof even to shelter them if Edith had not inherited from a maiden aunt a little, tumble-down cottage, with an acre or two of pasture-land, on the outskirts of the village. Thither the two mourners repaired with the few bits of furniture the law had allowed them, and began the hardest of all struggles, the battle with poverty on the part of woman—a battle rendered the more difficult in this case because both had been tenderly, even luxuriously nurtured, and had never before known what it was to have to deny themselves.

"I am such a burden to you, Edith," moaned the widow, who was now completely broken down, not only in spirit, but in health also. "If it wasn't for me you could go off somewhere and earn your own living like a lady. You could teach music, or be a governess, or obtain a situation in a school. But while I'm an invalid, and I suppose I shall now always be one, you are tied to my bedside."

Edith was a different character from her mother. She was more energetic, more self-reliant, more heroic. She had also the courage of youth on her side.

"We shall get on famously," she said. "What with my needle, our cow and the vegetable garden I shall make, we shall get along famously."

So this refined, cultivated girl, who had been reared, as it were, amid roses, went to work uncomplainingly to support her mother and herself. For a while, too, it seemed as if her confidence was prophetic. Mrs. Miller recovered her health so as to be able to be about. Everything went well.

At the end of the first summer Edith, proudly counting up her gains, said: "Mother, dear, we have not only supported ourselves, but we have saved money; we are getting rich!"

But, alas! different times came. In the autumn Mrs. Miller fell ill of rheumatic fever, for the situation of the house was low and damp. She had to take to her bed again. She was no longer able to help Edith with her needle. Poor Edith could now earn but little herself, her time being occupied so much in nursing her mother. The doctor's bill and the medicines soon absorbed her small savings. She began to feel behind. The cow finally had to be sold, and at last, in order to avert absolute starvation, Edith was compelled to mortgage the cottage. In the two years that followed, matters

went from bad to worse. Mrs. Miller remained bedridden. Do all she could, Edith was unable to make both ends meet. The interest on the mortgage fell into arrears. A solicitor named Jupp, who represented the holder, began to clamor for the arrears. At last, in the third summer of Edith's orphanage, came a legal notice that unless the interest was paid up in full, the cottage would be sold.

The day before this notice was served, Edith had gone in person to the attorney's, having to touch his heart. But he was deaf to her tears and representations. He had the reputation of being merciless, and Edith saw now that the character was deserved.

"It's no use your coming here!" he said rudely. "I am acting for others and not for myself. You'd better spend your time in getting together the interest you owe. I can't interfere. Bring the money, or the law must take its course!"

When Mrs. Miller heard the result of this interview, and when, afterward, the former notice was served, she moaned feebly, and turned her face to the wall.

"We shall have to beg, or go to the poorhouse, or die in the road," she said. "Oh, that I should ever have lived to see this day!"

Edith herself was at the end of her resources. For a while she lay prostrate on the bed, where she had flung herself beside her mother, the two mingling their tears.

But the brave girl rallied at last. She remembered that there was nothing in the house to eat, and that she had no money to buy anything with. At first she thought of going to the village store and begging for a little more credit, but when she recalled how early this had been refused, only a week before, she abandoned the idea in despair.

Suddenly it flashed upon her that the wheat was being cut on the great Wheatland farms. In the squire's time the poor had been allowed to come with a sickle and cut what they wished. It was a scriptural custom, which the Wheatlands had maintained from father to son for generations. The old squire was dead, but Edith had no doubt that the privilege would still be accorded; and, looping up her skirt to look as much like one of her rustic neighbors as possible, she took a sickle and went forth like Ruth of old.

Her heart did not begin to fail her until just before she reached the harvest field, when she remembered that the heirs of the squire, whoever they were, were said to be abroad and that Mr. Jupp was their agent.

"New men, now measures," she said, and stopped at the gate, with a beating heart. "What if I am driven off?"

But the thought of her sick mother, and of the empty cupboard, made her desperate.

She opened the gate and went in. The reapers were sweeping on ahead, in a long, graceful line; others, far behind, were binding up their sheaves, and an overseer, or what seemed one, was on horseback, directing operations.

Edith began in a corner, near the gate, far away from the rest. She looked furtively, now and then, toward the overseer, and seeing that he had noticed her, yet did not interfere, she gathered courage. If she could have seen herself then, in a mirror, though the least vain of her sex, she would have been startled by her own beauty. Excitement had given a bright glow to her cheek and even increased brilliancy to her eyes. Her half-rustic attire, coarse as it was, was admirably adapted to set off her symmetrical figure. Her white arms shone dazzlingly; every movement was grace.

Suddenly, a harsh voice behind her cried, "None of that! Throw down your sickle! We'll have no thieves here!"

Edith dropped her sickle, trembling all over, and looked around. Mr. Jupp stood there, also horseback, and his whip was raised menacingly. Edith shrunk back; her knees gave way under her; she grew blind; she thought she was dying. She had but one feeling, one thought—the man was about to strike her. Oh! the degradation of it, worse even than his words of insult.

But she did not faint. Just as everything whirled dizzily around her, just as she was losing her consciousness, the thick thud of a horse was heard galloping over the stubble, and a stern voice addressed Jupp.

"What are you saying to this girl?" it cried, angrily. "Not telling her to go away! How dare you? Didn't you know my name always allowed this—ay, and the Wheatlands from time immemorial? We have never ground the faces of the poor. I saw you raise your whip threateningly, if I'm not mistaken. By Jove, if you were not an older man than myself, I'd thrash you within an inch of your life!"

"All of a sudden the angry voice ceased, and the speaker, turning to Edith, addressed her in tones as soft as a woman's:

"My poor child," it said, "don't mind Jupp—I am master here. Take up your sickle and cut as much wheat—"

He stopped suddenly. Edith, up to this point, had stood with bowed figure, half unconscious, her gaze bent in shame on the ground; but touched by these kind words, and even more by the tone, she lifted her eyes, full of tears, and gazed at the speaker.

In that look there was something that both thrilled and abashed the holder. Young Wheatlands, for such was the horseman, was one of the handsomest men of his day; and he was accustomed to admiration; but Edith's glance seemed to say, "surely you are more than human; you are some knight of chivalry come to rescue me from a foul enchantment."

It was this that thrilled him with a strange, wild feeling of happiness, such as no woman's glance had ever before awakened. But on the other hand, instead of finding himself in the presence of a village rustic, as he had expected,

and as the dressed led him to this very moment to believe, he beheld, to his amazement, a face not only of rare beauty, but one instinct with that inherited as well as acquired refinement, which, for want of a better word, is called high-bred. This, he saw at once, was no mere village-girl, but a young princess in disguise. And he had offered such a one! He had spoken to her as if she was a menial! His usual ease of manner failed him. He sat there dumb, as if himself the culprit.

Edith broke the spell.

"Oh, sir!" she cried with a sob, clasping her hands and looking up at him imploringly, "I meant no harm. I used to see other people do what I did. And—and—we were starving—mother and I—"

Young Mr. Wheatlands turned aside for a moment to brush away a tear. Looking up, he saw Jupp's gaze fastened on him, and there was a sneer on the lawyer's face.

The young man colored angrily.

"Hide on if you please, sir," he said sternly to the lawyer. "I wish to say something to this young lady alone."

The lawyer obeyed, feeling, perhaps, that he had gone too far, and wishing he had never seen Edith.

Then young Mr. Wheatlands, lifting his hat to Edith, as if she had been a princess, said "I beg a thousand pardons, I shall settle with Jupp to-day, and discharge him. Believe me, I would not, for worlds, that this had happened."

"Oh, sir, don't on my account, quarrel with him," cried tender-hearted Edith. "He was only doing what he thought was his duty. Besides—besides—"

"Besides what?" kindly.

"Besides, he holds the mortgage on our cottage, and it might make him harder on us than ever."

"Mortgage on your cottage! Is it," he said, as if a certain light had broken on him, "the little house down in the meadow?"

A mute nod of assent was the reply.

"Then I am talking to Miss Miller. You don't—you don't mean to say that the rascal has been threatening you about that?"

"He is to sell the place next month," answered Edith, looking down, and feeling old, how humiliated!

Something very like an exclamation half broke from Mr. Wheatlands' lips. It might perhaps, have been one but for the presence of Edith.

He stooped from his saddle and offered her his hand.

"Good-by for the present, Miss Miller," he said. "But tell your mother she need not worry about the mortgage. I, not Jupp, am alone disposed of it. I used to know your father when I was a boy, and down here; and I shall ever respect any one who bears his name."

With this he lifted his hat again, wheeled his horse, and spurred after the discomfited lawyer.

The whole village was in a stir that day with the news that young Wheatlands, the heir to the Wheatlands estates, had returned from Europe, where he had been at his uncle's death; had come down to Shepperton the evening before; had quipped with his discharged lawyer, Jupp, and had given out that he intended to reside at Wheatlands Hall, on the home farm, thenceforth, and to look personally after his affairs. But we anticipate.

Now Edith got home from the harvest field she never afterwards could tell. All she remembered was that she had rushed into the house, and flung herself on her knees by the side of the bed, and had sobbed out wildly, "Oh, mother! mother dear, the cottage isn't going to be sold. I have his word for it!"

It had been nearly an hour after that before she could rally her dazed faculties sufficiently to give her mother a coherent narrative of what had transpired. She had scarcely finished when there was a knock at the door, and a boy from the store brought several parcels, containing tea, sugar, coffee, biscuits, a ham and various other edibles.

"Master says so how he heard the missus was ill," said the boy, "and he sent these things, reckoning as how you was too busy to come and order 'em. You can pay for 'em when times is better, and you can have as much as you like after this."

If Edith had a suspicion that some kind intercessor had caused this credit to be given to her, she had no proof. She pondered over the problem as she prepared a hasty meal for her mother, and had just cleared the table when there was a knock at the door, and on opening it she saw a high-bred, middle-aged lady, dressed in a plain but stylish walking costume, who asked with a kind smile and a voice the very echo of young Mr. Wheatlands, when in his softer mood, if Mrs. Miller lived there; and, on being answered in the affirmative, said, "I know that she is ill, and I don't see strangers, but tell her Judith Wheatlands is here; we used to know each other when we were both girls, more than twenty years ago. How much, my dear,"—this to Edith, who held the door open for her—"you look like your mother, when she was of your age."

Mrs. Miller, at sight of her old friend, seemed to be almost well again. The two talked of former and happier times, when the poor invalid had been the belle of the village, and then of the hell of separation, and the changes that had taken place, until the twilight fell, and Mrs. Wheatlands said she must go or she would be belated.

"I had not heard of you for ever so long, you see," she said, "and was too anxious to wait even till to-morrow. We went abroad when Gaston was quite young, that he might be educated in Germany; and we have been there ever since. I don't know but that we should have remained there still, if uncle had

not died, and Gaston heard things about his lawyer here, that made him think we had better return. We arrived only last night, quite unexpectedly, and my first inquiry was for you."

Our story is nearly told. Lawyer Jupp during the long illness of old Squire Wheatlands, that lasted for years, had usurped the entire management of the Gresham property and had come to regard himself as responsible to no one. So he had given way to his natural love of greed, extorting bribes for forbearance from all debtors who were behind, and mercilessly ruining those who could not bribe him. When the old squire died, he reasoned that the heir would remain in Europe, and so became more cruel and exacting. It was a rumor of this conduct that had brought young Mr. Wheatlands home in the way we have seen.

It was not many months before Edith became a bride. Young Mr. Wheatlands never forgot that look in the harvest fields; it was a case of love at first sight; and not with him alone, for to Edith he was always her "red cross knight." Everybody said she made the most popular mistress that had ever lived at Wheatlands Hall. The reason was that she carried with her, into her new and envied position, the same simplicity of character, the same devotion to others, and the same nobleness, which had distinguished her in her years of poverty.

Army and Navy Notes.

Lieutenant W. S. Alexander, Fourth Artillery, was in Rome during the early part of the month.

Capt. J. W. Dillenback, 1st Artillery, is granted ten days' leave of absence from July 12.

Ensigns Henry E. Parmenter and Walter O. Hulme have been ordered to the *Palmyras* at Stamford, Conn.

Capt. Wm. L. Haskin, 1st Artillery, is granted one month's leave of absence.

1st Lieut. Abner H. Merrill is relieved from duty as a member of the G. O. C. M. convened at Alcatraz Island, Cal.

1st Lieut. Harry R. Anderson, 4th Artillery, Fort Preble, Maine, is granted one month's extension of leave of absence on surgeon's certificate.

A daughter was born to the wife of Paymaster Joseph Foster at the U. S. Naval Asylum, Philadelphia, July 21. Paymaster Foster was formerly at the Torpedo Station.

Upon the restoration of the name of Fitz-John Porter to the Army Register his name will appear below that of Colonel Washington Seawell. The latter stands at the head of colonels on the retired list.

The Brooklyn Captain E. O. Matthews, at New York, will sail shortly for China, and will become the flagship of the squadron in place of the Trenton, now on its return to this country.

1st Lieut. Henry J. Reilly, 5th Artillery, will proceed to Concord, N. H., and report for rifle practice with a view to qualification at the longer ranges, returning to Fort Columbus, N. Y. H., upon the completion of duty.

On the 21st inst. the President sent the following nominations to the Senate:

Fifth Artillery—First Lieutenant Selden A. Day, to be captain July 18, 1886, vice Weir, deceased. Second Lieutenant J. Walker Benedict, to be first lieutenant July 18, 1886, vice Day, promoted. Additional Second Lieutenant Gustave W. Stevens, of Fourth Artillery, to be second lieutenant July 18, 1886, vice Benedict, promoted.

1st Lieut. Wm. Van Ness, 1st Artillery, is detailed as professor of military science and tactics at Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y., to take effect Oct. 1, 1886, to relieve 1st Lieut. Walter S. Schuyler, 5th Cav., who, on being so relieved, will proceed to join his troop. Lieut. Van Ness will report in person to the president of the university on the date specified.

A Disappointed Mother.

A spoonful of jam was put on baby's plate, and, of course, the proud mamma must exhibit little miss's accomplishments. But the little insinuating "What do you say to the lady?" resulted in nothing more than a renewed devotion to the delectable. The suggested "Thank you" was not forthcoming; and to the encouragingly repeated "What does the baby say for the nice jam?" that wise child, holding out her plate in two chubby hands, promptly replied, "Titty more jam!"

The Child Got Left.

In return for a pair of stockings knitted and sent to her by a little peasant girl, Queen Margherita of Italy sent another pair of stockings, one containing gold coin, the other bon hots, and a note asking her to say which of the stockings gave her the more pleasure. "Dear Madam the Queen," wrote the child in reply, "I have had nothing but trouble with the stockings. My father took the one with the gold pieces, and my brother the one with the sweets."

Mr. Vanderbilt's Beautiful Gift.

The little church at Islip which was built and presented to the Episcopal congregation there by Wm. K. Vanderbilt is a very beautiful and picturesque structure, half hidden in evergreens, and striking from whatever point of view it is looked at. The congregation which gathers there now each Sunday morning may be described as a congregation of a Grace Church audience. It is, above all, an assemblage of good society.

She Grew Older.

A lady of about thirty years of age married a wealthy old bachelor of Dallas, Texas. A female friend asked her, "But tell me, why didn't you marry your husband ten years ago?" "Well," she said, "I was too old for him."

Interesting Invalids.

Poor little Van Zandt, who had the whole world before her, and the Parisian world, at least, at her feet, less than two years ago, is now a sad wreck. Her popularity waned from the time of her being hilled for cause and driven from the stage of the Opera-Comique in Paris. She went to Russia and sang with great success, but her infirmity increased, paralysis began creeping upon her, and dead from the waist down she is now trying the waters of one German spring after another. Paralysis is in her family and inherited from her father and her mode of life brought it upon her sooner than those who warned her had even dreamed. Emma Novala is enjoying a luxurious invalidism in Paris and quite frightens impresarios by the terms that she asks for next season's engagements. Mme. Maccheta, who left La Crosse and Chicago as Blanche Tucker, and appeared on the stage as Blanche Roosevelt, has quite given up singing and turned to journalism and literature. Rheumatism has lamed her, but her hand has not lost its cleverness, and her biography of Longfellow and her novel, "She Would be an Opera Singer," were profitable ventures. In Italy Miss Lippincott, Grace Greenwood's daughter, made a successful debut in opera last year, but from singing in one of those deadly cold stone vaults of opera-houses took a cold that imprisoned her for months. She has now recovered and will begin again, and with her spiritual, clever mother beside her, will soon be heard from. —[Paris Letter].

Foulards and Striped Silks.

For those who prefer silk, yet must consider expense, there are foulards at 75 cents, and the old-fashioned striped silks for 50 cents. Of the latter, in black and white narrow stripes, cream and brown, plum and gray, or two shades of blue, about twenty yards will be required, with half a yard of velvet, the shade of the darkest stripe. For foulards dark blue with white stripes-brown with blue Japanese hieroglyphics, and buff with bulls or cubes in Oriental colors, are stylish selections. For the laces of such dresses are pretty white chemises of pleated silk or of pleated mail, with a dog-collar made of folds of the same. With these are revers of velvet sewed on the dress waist, and edging the chemise. The lace peasant darts is also very pretty for such dresses, with the foulard gathered in above, and shirred at the top next a velvet collar. The skirt may be made of four straight breadths cut out in finger scallops on the lower edge, falling on pleated frills on the foundation skirt, and with this is worn an apron and sash breadths of the foulard. A simpler and easier way is to put gathered flounces across the front and sides, and then have an apron over-skirt.

She Wanted to Wed.

It was a Maine girl of whom the story is told that she refused to marry a most devoted lover until he should have amassed a fortune of ten thousand dollars. After some expostulation, he accepted the decree and went to work. About three months after this, the avacious young lady, meeting her lover, asked:

"Well, Charley, how are you getting along?"

"Oh, very well indeed," Charley returned, cheerfully. "I've got eighteen dollars saved."

The young lady blushed and looked down at the toes of her walking boots, and stammered the inoffensive earth with the point of her parasol. "I guess," said she, faintly—"I guess, Charley, that's about near enough."

No New Fangled Notions For Him.

An old North Sea skipper who was asked to buy a number of life-boats for his vessel's use waxed eloquent in the sublimity of his contempt. "Take 'em away!" said the old "salt." "Don't let me see such long shore rubbish on my decks. I don't want no life-belts, nor no smelling-salts, nor no eau-de-Cologne, nor no feeding-bottles or fars aboard of me. Them as sails in my ship has got to stick to her as I do; and if she goes down, why, I expects them in duty bound to go along with her!"

Lover (passionately): "My sweet—my darling! I love you with all my heart! Be mine!" Fair maiden: "Oh, George, this is so sudden. I must have time." Lover: No, no. I must have an answer now, for I have my eye on another girl."

Bees are good indicators of the weather. Combine a bee and a small boy, and they will produce a squall.

That Tired Feeling

The warm weather has a debilitating effect, especially upon those who are within doors most of the time. The peculiar, yet common, complaint known as "that tired feeling" is the result. This feeling can be entirely overcome by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, which gives new life and strength to all the functions of the body.

"I could not sleep; had no appetite. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and soon began to sleep soundly; could get up without that tired and languid feeling; and my appetite improved." R. A. SAMPSON, Kent, Ohio.

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Hood's Sarsaparilla is characterized by three peculiarities: 1st, the combination of remedial agents; 2d, the proportion; 3d, the process of securing the active medicinal qualities. The result is a medicine of unusual strength, effecting cures hitherto unknown. Send for book containing additional evidence.

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A MAN

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By reason of its central position and close relation to all principal lines East and West, of initial and terminal points, constitutes the most important mid-western link in that system of through transportation which invites and facilitates travel and trade between cities of the Atlantic and Pacific Coasts. It is also the favorite and best route to and from points East, North, West, South, and Southwest, and corresponding points West, Northwest and Southwest.

The Rock Island system includes in its main line and branches, Chicago, Joliet, Ottumwa, La Salle, Peoria, Geneseo, Moline and Rock Island, in Illinois; Davenport, Muscatine, Washington, Fairfield, Ottumwa, Oskaloosa, West Liberty, Iowa City, Des Moines, Indianola, Winterset, Atlantic, Knoxville, Audubon, Harlan, Guthrie Centre and Council Bluffs, in Iowa; Galena, Trenton, Cameron and Kansas City, in Missouri; Leavenworth and Atchison, in Kansas; Albert Lea, Minneapolis and St. Paul, in Minnesota; Watertown in Dakota, and hundreds of intermediate cities, towns, villages and stations.

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Still another DIRECT LINE, via Seneca and Kanabos, has been opened between Newport News, Richmond, Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and Lafayetteville and Council Bluffs, Kansas City, Minneapolis and St. Paul and intermediate points. For detailed information see Maps and Folders, obtainable as well as Tickets, at all principal Ticket Offices in the United States and Canada; or by addressing

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Miscellaneous.

Newport & Wickford

Railroad and Steamboat Co.

Summer Arrangement, 1886.

Steamer Eolus

Leaves Commercial Wharf, Newport, R.I.

times daily, (Sundays at 10:30 P. M., only) as follows:

7:50 A. M.—Connecting with train for Kings-

ton, Westerly, Stonington, New London, also with train due at Providence

at 8:10 A. M. Connecting with train for Hartford

at 8:30 A. M. Connecting with train for New York

at 8:50 A. M. Connecting with train for New York

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Legal Notices.

NOTICE

TO

TAXPAYERS.

OFFICE OF COLLECTION OF TAXES,

Newport, R. I., July 31, 1886.

THE TAX BILL for 1886 is now in my hands

for collection, and by an ordinance of the

City Council must be paid

During the Months of July and August.

Taxpayers are therefore respectfully requested

to call at the office of the City Treasurer

at the City Hall, and settle the amount

assessed on their several estates.

Office hours from 9:30 A. M. to 3 P. M.

W. J. HENRICKS, City Treasurer.

Collector of Taxes.

THE CITY OF NEWPORT.

CITY ENGINEER AND

STREET COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE,

NEWPORT, R. I., June 29, 1886.

NOTICE

IS HEREBY GIVEN TO

Property Owners Whose Trees Project

Over the Highways

of this city in such a manner as to be an

obstruction, that if such trees are not

trimmed up to the top of the main trunk

by the 1st day of August, 1886, the

same will be cut down by the City

Engineer, and the cost of such work

shall be paid by the owner of such trees.

By order of the City Council.

J. H. BENTLEY, City Engineer.

Mortgagee's Sale.

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a

Mortgage Deed made and executed by John

H. Emile to the Island Savings Bank, bearing

date January 1st, A. D. 1885, and recorded

in the County of Washington, State of Rhode

Island, Book 28, page 28, and the condition of

which has been broken.

There will be sold on the premises in New

port on Saturday, the 31st day of July, 1886,

at 12 o'clock noon, all of the right,

title and interest of said John H. Emile, at

the time of the making of said Mortgage, and

of all of that parcel of land with the build-

ings thereon situated in said Newport, bound-

ed southerly on the highway known as the

Highway, and bounded northerly by land for-

merly of the late Daniel T. Swinburne, fifty feet

and easterly by land formerly of said Daniel

T. Swinburne, one hundred feet.

The Mortgagee hereby gives notice of its in-

tention to bid upon the said premises at said

sale.

Per Order of the MORTGAGEE.

Newport, July 29th, 1886.

MORTGAGEE'S SALE.

BY VIRTUE of a power of sale contained in a

certain mortgage made by Josephine Wood-

ard to Alfred Smith, dated April 2nd, 1885,

and recorded in the County of Washington, State

of Rhode Island, Book 28, page 28, and the

condition of which has been broken.

There will be sold on the premises in New

port on Saturday, the 31st day of July, 1886,

at 12 o'clock noon, all of the right,

title and interest of said Josephine Wood-

ard, at the time of the making of said Mortgage,

An Interesting Scene.

The Supreme Lodge Knights of Pythias has just held its annual session at Toronto. The News of that city gives the following interesting account of a scene which took place near the close of the session:

One of those pathetic incidents which occasionally occur in a gathering of people from widely diverging points, marked the session of the Supreme Lodge of Knights of Pythias yesterday. General Thompson, who lost an arm while fighting in the Federal cause, has for some ten or twelve years been outside guard of the Supreme Lodge. Yesterday he was re-elected for the seventh term, and as the members were dispersing, Gen. Ward, the newly elected supreme vice-chancellor, put out his only hand, the other also having been carried away by a Confederate shot, and the pair shook hands heartily in mutual congratulations. Just at this moment General McCullough, one of the representatives from a Southern state, came along, and clapping his only hand on the other two, congratulated them both. He, too, lost his arm while gallantly fighting for the cause he had embraced. Thus is the noble work of teaching brotherly love carried on, by those noble orators. These men had never met before, save on the battlefield as enemies in deadly strife; but years after through the portals of Pythianism they were brought together as brothers and sworn friends.

A candid traveller for a Cincinnati distillery expresses his conviction in the Times-Star of that city that "in four years all the Gulf States and Tennessee in addition will have declared for prohibition." The spread of temperance sentiment in that section is certainly remarkable, but the victories won thus far have all been by non-partisan and not by third party action.

The trial trip of the ferry steamer Conant took place yesterday from the shipyard where she was built in Wilmington, Del., and Isaac B. Briggs, one of the directors of the Ferry Company, and James Collins, the engineer of the Jamestown, left here Thursday to be present at the trial.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are free from all croak and irritation about the liver. They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

Those unhappy persons who suffer from nervousness and dyspepsia should use Carter's Little Liver Pills, which are made expressly for sleepless, nervous, dyspeptic sufferers. Price 25 cents, all druggists.

Why don't you try Carter's Little Liver Pills? They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

If there ever was a specific for any one complaint, it is Carter's Little Liver Pills. They are a positive cure for sick headache, and all the ills produced by disordered liver. Only one pill a dose.

Mr. W. L. Foot has been connected for several years with the United States Postal Service at New Haven Conn. New Haven, Conn., Sept. 7, 1882. Messrs. Lewis & Co.:

Gentlemen: I have used your "RED-FACTOR" in my family for several years, and with satisfactory results and propose to keep them in the house in the case of need. Respectfully yours, W. L. FOOT.

Ostrich farming is attaining prominence in California. At a recent pickering on an ostrich farm fifty pounds of feathers were obtained, worth \$100 per pound or \$5000 for the pick.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity, strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall Street, N. Y.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE

Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as indigestion, flatulency, nervousness, dizziness, and all disorders of the stomach, and the liver, and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured the headache, they would be worth the price. But they cure the whole system, and the patient is able to do without them. But after all sick head

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; but fortunately their goodness is not confined to the head, and those who once try them will find these little pills valuable in so many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all sick head

In the case of so many lives that there is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.

Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two pills taken three times a day, after each meal, and after each drink, will cure the most stubborn case of sick headache, and all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as indigestion, flatulency, nervousness, dizziness, and all disorders of the stomach, and the liver, and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cured the headache, they would be worth the price. But they cure the whole system, and the patient is able to do without them. But after all sick head

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York City.

FRUIT * JARS.

Mason's Fruit Jars, Lightning Fruit Jars,

IN PINTS, QUARTS AND HALF-GALLONS.

JELLY TUMBLERS WITH TIN TOPS.

Patent Covered Milk Bottles.

—ALSO—

THE NEW PATENT GLASS PAIL WITH TIN TOP

FOR SALE WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

BY

WARREN & WOOD.

287 & 289 Westminster St. Hopkin Homestead Building.

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

ONE-THIRD YOUR LIFE IS SPENT IN BED.

We have now in stock

Seven Styles in Spring Beds from \$2 to \$8.50.

Call and examine. No Trouble to show goods.

E. P. MARSH,

101 & 103 THAMES STREET.

"JOHN HADDOCK'S"

Celebrated "PLYMOUTH COAL" in all sizes at

PERRY BROTHERS,

—ALSO—

"LYKENS VALLEY COAL,"

AT LOW PRICES.

PERRY BROTHERS.

PEOPLES' COAL YARD.

Queen Anne Millinery Establishment,

143 THAMES STREET.

HATS! HATS!!

New Goods. Just received, the latest summer styles in Straw Hats, Sultans, Galashaws, Knives, Mayflowers, Winterhats, and hundreds of other stylish shapes. Immense variety of Sea Shore and Sun Shade Hats in Homburg and Homburg, and many other styles. A large variety of trimmed Silks for Misses and Ladies. Gause, Muff and Crape in all the latest fashionable styles. White and colored laces to match the hats and trimmings.

WM. H. ARNOLD.

NEWPORT

FLOWERS.

All kinds of Field and Wild Flowers. Strictly Fresh at Special Low Prices. We have on hand a fine selection of Trimmings and Bonnets. All the latest novelties in Hats, Bonnets and Trimmings. In our Fancy Goods, Children's Lace and Mill Caps, Ladies' Dress Caps and Wigs. We call special attention to the fact that we have made a sweeping reduction in Children's and Misses' Hats, and are offering a choice lot at 25c. This lot comprises every color and shape and they are genuine bargains. Call and see our immense variety of Millinery. Our price the lowest.

SCHREIER'S

Queen Anne Millinery Establishment,

143 Thames Street.

Imperfect Sight

CORRECTED AT THE

New York Optical Institute

PERFECT SIGHT

During my stay here last season I have given

SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

My stock of Spectacles and Eye Glasses is made of the best material, and nothing but what will prove comfortable, and a benefit to the wearer. Knowing that there are many here whose eyes require the service of a

SCIENTIFIC OPTICIAN,

It is with the greatest confidence that I offer my services, and hope to confer upon them the benefits derived from properly fitted glasses. I have also a fine line of

Opera, Field, Marine and Race Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, Barometers, Thermometers, Magnifying Glasses, Compasses, Magic Lanterns, Amateur Photographic Cameras, Batteries, etc.

Chas. D. Mueller.

DOWNING BLOCK, BELLEVUE AVENUE.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

The U. S. Steamer Bear.

STANDARD TIME.

JULY 1886.

	Sun	Mon	Tue	Wed	Thurs	Fri	Sat	High water	Low water
1st	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
2nd	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	5:15	4:45
3rd	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	5:15	4:45
4th	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	5:15	4:45
5th	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	5:15	4:45
6th	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	5:15	4:45
7th	7	8	9	10	11	12	1	5:15	4:45
8th	8	9	10	11	12	1	2	5:15	4:45
9th	9	10	11	12	1	2	3	5:15	4:45
10th	10	11	12	1	2	3	4	5:15	4:45
11th	11	12	1	2	3	4	5	5:15	4:45
12th	12	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
13th	13	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
14th	14	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
15th	15	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
16th	16	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
17th	17	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
18th	18	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
19th	19	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
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23rd	23	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
24th	24	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
25th	25	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
26th	26	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
27th	27	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
28th	28	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
29th	29	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
30th	30	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45
31st	31	1	2	3	4	5	6	5:15	4:45

Chas. D. Mueller.

DOWNING BLOCK, BELLEVUE AVENUE.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

The U. S. Steamer Bear.

STANDARD TIME.

JULY 1886.

PERFECT SIGHT

During my stay here last season I have given

SCIENTIFIC PRINCIPLES.

My stock of Spectacles and Eye Glasses is made of the best material, and nothing but what will prove comfortable, and a benefit to the wearer. Knowing that there are many here whose eyes require the service of a

SCIENTIFIC OPTICIAN,

It is with the greatest confidence that I offer my services, and hope to confer upon them the benefits derived from properly fitted glasses. I have also a fine line of

Opera, Field, Marine and Race Glasses, Telescopes, Microscopes, Barometers, Thermometers, Magnifying Glasses, Compasses, Magic Lanterns, Amateur Photographic Cameras, Batteries, etc.

Chas. D. Mueller.

DOWNING BLOCK, BELLEVUE AVENUE.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

The U. S. Steamer Bear.

STANDARD TIME.

JULY 1886.

PERFECT SIGHT

During my stay here last season I have given

Miscellaneous.

Children's Photographs.

This is just the season of the year that is most fatal to the little ones. Every prudent mother that has no picture of her darling baby should go at once to

HOLLOWAY'S

Photo Parlors,

where she can in only an "Instant" procure one just as natural as life.

Holloway Photo Parlors,

THE

Providence Store.

Summer Dress Goods.

25 pieces Kiber Cloth, at 15c. a yard worth 25c.

15 pieces Venetian Cloth, at 10c. a yard worth 15c.

25 pieces Satine, at 7c. a yard worth 12 1-2c.

50 pieces Fine Satine at 12 1-2c. marked down from 25c.

50 pieces Figured Lawn, 5c. a yard, or 12 yards for 50c.

15 pieces Figured Satists, at 10c. a yard worth 15c.

Providence Store,

158 Thames St.

NEWPORT, R. I.

CALL AT

12 BROADWAY.

AND SEE THE BEAUTIFUL SAMPLES OF OPIQUE AND ENLARGED PORTRAITS.

Oil, Water Colors, India Ink and Crayon.

Also to secure special bargains in Engravings, Paintings, Chromos, Etchings and Pictures and Frames.

Of every kind. Special sale extended until May 1st to make room for new goods daily arriving.

WM. H. ARNOLD.

NEWPORT

Transfer Company.

General Baggage Express.

EDWARD J. TAFT, President.

C. B. MASON, Superintendent.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE:

No. 4 Travers Block, BELLEVUE AVENUE.

BRANCH OFFICES:

No. 175 Thames Street, N. Y. & Boston Despatch & Express Co., J. L. GREGG, Agent.

N. Y. FREIGHT DEPOT, FALL RIVER LINE.

A. P. HUYANT, Agent.

THE MANAGEMENT OF THE NEWPORT TRANSFER CO.

Offer the public a well arranged, thoroughly equipped, and responsible Baggage Transfer Company second to none found in the larger cities.

Messengers of the company will be found on the incoming trains of the Old Colony Railroad, and the boats of the Fall River, Wickford, and Providence Lines.

Tickets for the above Lines are on sale at our office.

Calls will be promptly made at any part of the city, and baggage checked at residence, to Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, and other principal cities.

This feature saves the traveler the annoyance of being obliged to go to trains and boats at an early hour, to arrange for identifications, and checking of his baggage.

PIANO-FORTES

packed and unpacked, marked and shipped to all points, also on arrival here, delivered and set up ready for use.

HOUSEHOLD GOODS Moved with are.

STORAGE WAREHOUSES

have been provided on Bellevue Avenue, where household goods can be placed in separate rooms, and every attention will be given to have the same properly cared for. Insurance will be effected when desired.

E. A. TAFT, President.

C. B. MASON, Superintendent.

Phineas C. Clark,

CARRIAGE

AND

WAGON MAKER.

A Large Assortment of Express, Order and Farm Wagons

on hand. Call and examine them and get our prices. First class repairing, painting and varnishing done at short notice.

LONG WHARF,

NEWPORT,

R. I.

Miscellaneous.

CLOTHING!

Every day receiving the newest varieties in

MEN'S,

YOUTHS' and

CHILDREN'S

CLOTHING,

In all grades and kinds. Our Stock of Silk, Heavy, Light, Black, Blue and Soft

HATS!!

Are already received with a full line of Straw Goods. The most of these goods were made for our special order. Our Polo and Tennis goods all ready received. We offer this year a full line of Bismarck and plain Sack Suits with long and short Pants with plain and fancy Hats and Caps.

J. E. Seabury,

218 & 220 THAMES ST.

NEW GOODS JUST RECEIVED.

Ladies & Gents Gold & Silver Watches.

—THE NEW—

GRAND ARMY EMBLEM WATCH.

Also see the new

Automatic Watch,

A real curiosity "Unique." Just the thing for Railroad and Steamboat men, and travelers generally; fine time-keeper. Also some of these new styles.

Coil, Lace and Bar Pins, Cuff and Collar Buttons.

New Styles and very pretty.

Ladies' Vest Chains, Gold Specs and Eyeglasses.

Very handsome. New Styles of CLOCKS, CATHEDRAL GONGS, also a new lot of

Fine Gold Pens and Holders, Silver-Plated Butter Dishes, Card Baskets, Cake Baskets, Ice Pitchers, Individual Castors.

A FINE

TEA SET

—WITH—

Coffee, Tea and Water Pot, Slop Bowl, Cream Pitcher and Sugar Bowl for \$20 the set.

25c. Ice Pitchers from \$0.50 to \$1.00. Table Knives \$3.00 per dozen. Pickle Castors, \$1.50. Half a dozen Knives and Forks (Hogers), in case, for \$3.50 per case, at

DENHAM'S 276 THAMES ST.

EDDY'S

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England, France, Italy, and the United States, who once visited Newport—Broken Heads and Political Speeches—"Freedom" at Speech.

NO. 5.

[Correspondence of This Season.]

ROME, ITALY, June, 1886.

I had the good fortune to witness a monster demonstration of the Liberal working party before leaving that city, given in honor of Mr. Samuel Morley, a wealthy gentleman, who had represented that constituency in Parliament for many years. It was one of those occasions, growing rarer and rarer year by year unfortunately, that exhibit so impressively that hearty zeal with which the British workman endorses all his chosen superior says and does, and the personal affection as a child to a father that he feels for him for spending his thought and effort in laborer's behalf. Ten thousand faces, expressing all shades of intelligence from boyhood to second childhood, from wondering worshipful ignorance to appreciative intelligence, from dogmatic radicalism to milder Liberalism, looked to the little platform supporting the speaker for the evening in the midst of the great Colosseum Hall.

Before the entrance of Mr. Morley, there was the usual petty disturbances and quarrels attendant on any large gathering of English voters of the lower orders. A Conservative tried to pass away the time by scattering Cayenne pepper on the crowd below. A hurly form rose up beside him swelling with wrath, and horny palms grappled him by the neck and the unmentionables. Streaming eyes and wheezing voices were directed upwards by the victims beneath, as they gaped "chuck 'em down yere, we'll popper 'im." But a fling backwards sent the wretch flying to the tiers above where eager hands seized him in mid-air, and passed him on, landing him finally on the stairways much the worse for wear. Having thus expeditiously weeded out other malcontents from all over the hall the thousands fell to singing. The effect was electrifying. Arms and tongues moved in unison to the stirring tones of "God save the Queen," "He's a Jolly Good Fellow," "Britons never shall be slaves," etc. But a deep hush fell upon the assembly when a tall, white-haired, scholarly-looking gentleman was supported across the hall to the platform. His figure, and his face with its closely-cropped side whiskers bore a striking resemblance to that of Mr. Gladstone. Five minutes cheering ensued as he rose to speak. "Gentlemen," he said, "I have just risen this evening from my bed after many days illness, because I will not lose this, possibly last, opportunity to meet my good friends and fellow-workers here, and thank you for your inspiring friendship and support throughout our common labors for the Liberal Party." His clear, distinct utterance betokened the finished orator as he went on to speak upon the past and future political course, though his quiet tones could not have been heard, enfolded as they were by sickness, but for the oppressive stillness. For at that moment, to that moment to the auditors the greatest man, past or present, was Mr. Samuel Morley. Instant death would have then resulted to a dissonant. For then he had expended the best part of his life, for then he had borne criticism and ridicule, in deference to them and his own pride too, doubtless, he had refused knighthood as a tribute wrung from his adversaries by his sterling character. They waited for an opportunity to prove their affection. He was their guide and prophet. No wonder, then, that they listened so eagerly to his words.

As he closed, a voice sobbed out "Don't leave us, Mr. Morley." "My dear friend," he replied, "would to God my health would permit me to work on and on for you, but depend upon it while the little life I have left lasts, I shall most anxiously watch for and advise you upon your political course."

A fine silken banner upon which were emblazoned the thanks of his constituents for his long parliamentary service was unveiled then with cheer and cheer, and a stirring eulogy by the chairman. A thoroughly hearty feeling pervaded the rest of the exercises consisting of speeches by candidates at the coming elections, though these consisted chiefly, it was to be regretted, in eulogies on "my prospects" and criticism and ridicule of opponent's party and principles.

Quite chained with so near a realization of the ideal leader and political meeting, I determined to attend the Conservative gathering to be held a day or so later. I found myself duly ensconced in a good corner in the balcony of the Victoria Rooms, thanks to the kind offices of Conservative friends, as the great corridors and hall began to fill with the "true blues"—this color being now as conspicuously worn as red had been at the other gatherings.

any of those Liberal ends in here? "But will you not allow your speakers to explain your platform, and reason them over?" "What is the use of that? We've made up our minds to vote Conservative and they'll be long enough. Talking will do no good. The speakers come to slow themselves and we come to see them and have some fun. Ah, there it begins now. Isn't it jolly?" Sure enough the Chairman was just finishing an opening eulogy on Great Britain and Bristol in particular when a voice shouted out "Three cheers for the Grand Old Man." There was a rush, a surge and a swaying of Liberal and Conservative mobs till the latter conquered after ten minutes' wrestling, fighting and swearing, and the fool was ejected. A lull for a moment or so, while all took breath, enabled Sir Michael Hicks-Beech, a gentleman of most pleasing address, to begin invectives of Conservative administration and criticism of Liberal government, and make a statement that the only hope for English labor and capital was a foreign war to open up foreign markets, citing the Burmese war as a striking example of what strong, swift measures the Conservatives were capable of if once in power, when the Atheist yelled out "three cheers for Mr. Bradlaugh." Down came "the copper" with a resounding thwack upon his crown, from the cane of the "dus ex machina," and the unfortunate was cast out amid weeping, and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Thoroughly warmed up, both factions now went to work with a will, faction cries for "Lawd Salsbury" and "Chamberlain" resounding above the din. In the lulls I caught fragments of the speeches, favoring "Fair Trade" versus "Free Trade," and strikingly unanimous on the point that the country was ruined unless Mr. Hicks-Beech and "myself" go to Parliament. Some motion was put through with a chorus of "ayes" and "noes" condemning the Liberal ministry, and all departed well pleased with the evening's intellectual treat. The police were unable to keep from mixing in some succeeding Radical and Liberal meetings and cannaes. In one a zealous member "caught the eye of the speaker," with a dead cat and brought the meeting to a speedy close. Reports from all over the country showed similar deep interest in the political crisis.

I remarked on my inability, from inexperience, to get the gist of the speakers' orations, and received the reply, "Oh, look in the papers, they are all there; that's what every one does now. Jolly evening wasn't it? Little more freedom allowed at election time, don't you know?" "Yes I should think there was," I replied with the Atheist's unfortunate fate still in mind.

H. G. W.

There's No Fiction About This.

The choirs of country churches seem to fall entirely into the hands of women. Sometimes a tenor visiting at a country house over Sunday will add his best notes to the anthem whenever he can manage to catch up with the zealous organist, and occasionally the minister joins merrily in the hymns, but for the most part the vocal praise in rural communities is done by women. The doctor's wife, who wears an expensive "union linen," belted at the waist with a black ribbon, and red flowers in her bonnet, leads, and delivers her notes with a sort of rocking-horse movement, in the vain endeavor to control that erratic genius, the district school teacher, who is organist and thinks time was made for slaves. The only girl of the village sings too and comes out strong in order to crush the village beauty, who has no musical gifts and thinks Eliza sings much too loud. Those of the district school girls who can follow a tune are there, and the one in the corner with a face like a wild rose and blue eyes filled with ineffable yearning, is possibly pious, but more probably wishing for a new hat like the summer boarder who sits in the first pew. There is some noble work done by this part of the church militant in its earnest encounter with the musical half of that service, set forth by the Disbops in council, to be said and sung by congregations throughout the land, and they end flushed, but triumphant, and the school teacher yells out the *rex hominum* and *vibrato* stops and plays the congregation out of church to the music of some strictly original variations. And she half fancies as her eyes are lifted in rapt devotion that she somewhat resembles the pictures of the girl who played the "Lost Chord."

Caught on the Fly.

Master of the house, writing a letter: "My dear friend, I cannot write you as freely as I would like, as my new secretary is impudently looking over my shoulder." "Secretary, indignantly, from the rear: "I am doing nothing of the kind sir!"

Recipe for Baden-Baden Pudding.

Boil a teaspoonful of rice in a pint of water until it is done, and in a condition to mash with the back of an iron spoon. When perfectly smooth, flavor with a half-teaspoonful of vanilla extract. Having soaked a half-ounce of gelatine in a teaspoonful of sweet milk until softened, then add it to the rice, and cook over the fire for a few minutes until well incorporated. Spread the prepared rice on a large flat dish to cool. Meanwhile whip a pint of cream to a stiff froth, and add to the rice, together with a quarter of a pound of teaspoonful of pulverized white sugar. You may mix the things together while the rice is still lukewarm, stirring very briskly. Wet a mould, fill it with the mass, and set it on ice, or in a cold place, to become firm. It turns out beautifully, like blanc mange, and is eaten with whipped syllabub or custard.

How to Make Rice Croquettes.

Boil a half-pound of rice in a quart of boiling water, with an even tablespoonful of salt, until just tender. Drain it and put it into half a pint of fresh milk. Flavor with four ounces of sugar, the grated rind of half a lemon, or two inches of stick cinnamon. Cook for half an hour, stirring occasionally to prevent burning. Take from the fire and gradually stir into the rice the beaten yolks of three eggs. Return to the fire for two minutes, when the eggs will be sufficiently set. Then spread the rice on a large flat buttered dish, letting it cover it to the depth of one inch, and so let the rice remain until cool enough to handle. Spread a clean board with powdered cracker dust, turn the rice upon it, and out into strips about three inches long and one wide. Roll the croquettes into the shape of ovals. Dip them first into cracker dust, then into egg, again into cracker dust, and then drop them from frying into boiling lard. When done, drain from grease on an inverted sieve, or by laying on brown paper.

How to Make Chocolate Sauce.

Grate two ounces of fine chocolate and stir it into a pint of rich new milk until it boils. Have ready the well-beaten yolks of four eggs mixed with a half-cupful of white sugar. Flavor to your taste with vanilla. When the chocolate boils, mix it with the yolks of eggs and sugar until it froths well; then return it to the stewpan, and stir until it thickens, but do not let it boil. Take it from the fire in about five minutes. Meanwhile have the whites of egg whisked to a stiff snow with four tablespoonfuls of sifted sugar. Stir this into the chocolate without breaking up the snow entirely.

Fashion Fancies.

The fashion for all shades bordering on copper, reddish brown and reddish yellow is very conspicuous in imported costumes. Black and green as a combination also rises in Paris.

A child's nurse should wear, when the children are in black, a black gown and white apron, with a black ribbon and strings on her cap. The suit is always provided by the mistress.

The patterns in jetted laces used for black bonnets or crowns are much smaller than they were, and resemble the designs in Mechlin lace instead of being in large leaves and flowers.

Velvet in dark, rich tones makes an effective decoration for afternoon toilets of white or colored flannel used in bands or panels on the skirts and in coats, collars and cuffs on the bodices.

White albatross cloth, trimmed with creamy lace, is also used in making evening dresses. An old fancy revived is for stimulating under-sleeves in a different color and material from the dress.

Novelty ribbons are of fine silk gauze with rough wool borders and others of gros grain have the lengthwise threads drawn out in bands, making alternate open and close-woven stripes.

A parasol of dark blue silk is covered with blue Spanish lace, the design being outlined with tiny gold cord. The handle is of bent wood, and is adorned with haw and ends of blue ribbon.

A rose-colored satin skirt has flounces of white embroidered net and draperies of pistache colored faille. The pointed bodice is made to match, trimmed with a large fleck of pink erape, bordered with lace.

The fantail capote has the crown of lace placed in the shape of a fan. On either side are two jet wings, which rise above the top of the crown. The brim is covered with a puffing of lace, and a brilliant plumage completes the trimming.

A bedouin mantle for travelling is of brown bourette. The bedouin hood is lined with silk. The back of the mantle is laid in three large box pleats, which give the requisite fullness. The front and high collar are bordered with braid, while horn buttons fasten the mantle.

A parasol is covered with two squares of congress canvass, laid one over the other. The borders are dark brown, and brown and gold figures dot the canvass. A full border of wide Saxony lace edges the parasol. The handle is dark brown wood finished with a gilt cube.

Now we are having a lightening up of street costumes. Almost as brilliant hues are being brought out in the stripes and borders of wool street suits, as are seen in the gorgeous silks and brocades that rustle in the lighted ballroom and hover round the late dinner table.

When children are put in all black for a parent, the dress should be knit skirt and blouse waist of Henrietta cloth, with a deep, white collar. The hat should be white, with a plain black ribbon band. Stockings and shoes black. Sash, if needed, of black gros grain ribbon.

One of the costumes of Princess Amelia is made of ciel blue silk and white kid. The bodice in cuirass form and the untrapped overdress are of white kid, embroidered with gold thread about the edges. The overdress falls in panels, between which are bonfaunts of the blue silk over a skirt of the silk.

A curious costume has dark blue soft wool drapery over a plain round undershirt formed thus: dark blue worsted braid streaked with hair lines of bright red and brown is woven into long shaped squares with another braid of woven silver wires. This is made up with the pattern running diagonally down the skirt over dark blue silk, and is finished plainly at the foot. The basque is of the plain blue cloth.

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Not one half of the valuation. Gas Light
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CORSETS

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Five Gold and Two Silver Medals,
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New Orleans and Louisville, and the In-
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The superiority of Coraline over horn
or whalebone has now been demonstrated
by over five years' experience. It is more
durable, more pliable, more comfortable,
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kinds of cord. None are genuine unless
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A treatise on the above
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ings, is sent by mail to any
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121 Friendship St.,
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Medicine.

Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral

Should be kept constantly at hand, for
use in emergencies of the household.
Many a mother, startled in the night by
the ominous sounds of Croup, finds the
little sufferer, with red and swollen face,
gasping for air. In such cases Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral is invaluable. Mrs. Emma
Gedney, 159 West 125 st., New York,
writes: "While in the country, last
winter, my little boy, three years old, was
taken ill with Croup; it seemed as if he
would die from strangulation. Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral was tried in small and
frequent doses, and in less than half an
hour, the little patient was breathing
easily. The doctor said that the Pectoral
saved my darling's life." Mrs. Chas. B.
Landon, Guilford, Conn., writes: "Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral

Saved My Life,

and also the life of my little son. As he
is troubled with Croup, I dare not be
without this remedy in the house." Mrs.
J. Gregg, Lowell, Mass., writes: "My
children have repeatedly taken Ayer's
Cherry Pectoral for Coughs and Croup.
It gives immediate relief, followed by
cure." Mrs. Mary E. Evans, Scranton,
Pa., writes: "I have two little boys, both
of whom have been, from infancy, subject
to violent attacks of Croup. About six
months ago we began using Ayer's Cherry
Pectoral, and it acts like a charm. In a
few minutes after the child takes it, he
breathes easily and rests well. Every
mother ought to know what a blessing it
has found in Ayer's Cherry Pectoral."
Mrs. Wm. C. Reid, Freehold, N. J., writes:
"In our family, Ayer's medicines have
been blessings for many years. In cases
of Colds and Coughs, we take

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral,

and the inconvenience is soon forgotten."

PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Sold by all Druggists.

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The Greatest Blood Purifier

ON BATH.

This Great German Medicine is com-
posed of Yellow Dock, Mandrake,
and other powerful purgatives. It
acts on the liver and bowels, and
eliminates all impurities from the
blood. It is the best remedy for
all skin diseases, such as Eczema,
Scabies, and all other eruptions of
the skin. It is also a powerful
purgative, and acts on the bowels
without causing any discomfort.

BLUE PILLS. Your Kid-
neys are diseased. Your back
aches. Your head is full of
noise. Your vision is dim. Your
stomach is full of food. Your
bowels are constipated. Your
blood is impure. Your skin is
covered with eruptions. Your
nerves are in a state of
irritation. Your system is
out of order. Your health is
ruined. Your life is in danger.
Take Blue Pills. They will
cure you. They will restore
your health. They will give
you a new lease of life.

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Serious and Otherwise.

"Letter go!" exclaimed Flippant-talk-
er, dropping a missive into the box at
the street corner.

The way to cure our prejudices is
this—That every man should let alone
those that he complains of in others,
and examine his own.—Locke.

The Pharisees accounted themselves
good, not for doing good, but for doing
no evil; that was the sum of their theo-
logy.—Jeremy Taylor.

A Family Affair—Magistrate to pris-
oner: "Your name?" Prisoner: "Hon-
or." Magistrate: "That's your Christian
name. What is your family name?"
Prisoner: "My father was a Pole. I
have never yet been able to pronounce
his name."

If a man has a quarrelsome temper
let him alone. The world will soon find
him employment. It will soon meet
with someone stronger than himself
who will repay him better than you can.
A man may fight duels all his life if he
is disposed to quarrel.—Cecil.

A Boston congregation, the other
Sunday, were walked right up out of
a sound sleep by the preacher saying:
"That young man peeping in at the
door had better come in and find
whether she is here or not. The people
in the back end of the church won't be
so troubled by the draught." After the
sound of retreating footsteps had
ceased, the people settled back again
and went on with their naps.

Scene—Parisian café famed for its
cuisine. Gargoy, this cutlet is badly
cooked. I can't eat it. Call the head-
waiter." The head-waiter arrives, and
after making an investigation, remarks,
"Well, monsieur, I admit that the cut-
let is a little overdone; but look at the
weather! How can you expect anyone
on a cloudy day like this to see
how to do good work?"

Counting Cattle.

Coming from St. Louis on the sleep-
ing-car I fell in with a couple of men
from the cowboy region down by the
Indian Territory. They owned ranches
there and were talking about the cattle
business. One was an Englishman and
was on his way back to the old country
for a short visit. He was saying: "I
counted 745 cattle in a field this side of
Kansas City." He then took from his
vest pocket a thing something like a
silver watch, "This is a cattle coun-
ter," he explained. "You see there
are three figures on the side. Now, as
often as you press that little knob a fig-
ure changes for the next higher.
That's how it works," and he pressed
the knob rapidly and the figures changed
at every pressure. "With this I can
count up to 999 as fast as cattle can
jump past me. In a field I have just
to commence at one and look at the
cattle one by one, pressing this
every time, and I won't make a mistake
once in a 100 times."

"I never go in for those new-fangled
arrangements," said the American
ranchman. "I have a cowboy who has
a hundred buttons on a string. He can
count cattle as fast as they run with
that string. He has another string
around his neck, and at every hundred
counted he slips a button on the neck
string. He can count 999 cattle with
his string as easily as you can go 999 on
that thing, and do it correctly, too."

American Girls in Paris.

Madame Marchesi, the celebrated
singing-teacher, has a large number of
American in her school at Pa. She
gives matinees during the season, at
which her most promising pupils are
heard. At the last of these matinees
for the present season three young
American women were conspicuous.
They were Miss Groll, Miss Stearns,
and Miss Everett. Another of Madame
Marchesi's pupils, Miss Glenon, of San
Francisco, is said to have a surpassing
strong soprano voice. Madame Mar-
chesi was taught to sing in her youth
by Groll, who also had Jenny Lind for
a scholar. Miss Nevada studied with
Madame Marchesi.

Perhaps Henry Has Been Snubbed.

Henry Watkinson writes from Eng-
land to the Louisville Courier-Journal
as follows: "Few sights in art or nature
can be more melancholy than that of
the American woman who has married,
or who seeks to marry, a titled Eng-
lishman. If there be, it is the Ameri-
can mother who comes abroad and
manages for a titled husband for her
daughters. Yet, all through English
society you encounter them, the mis-
erable Anglo-American wife, the match-
making American mother, bowing and
crying to nobility, no matter how cor-
rupt and vulgar it may be, and I do as-
sure you that the basest and coarsest
specimens of humanity I ever met in
decent company have been titled men."

Guard Against Stupefactors.

To obviate stupefactors or heatstroke,
the latest recommendations are "a lot of
regular motion, light clothing, and,
as far as possible, renunciation of the pres-
sure of work." "Beer and other stim-
ulants," it says, "are hurtful rather than
helpful, and the substitution of non-in-
toxicant cooling drinks for those bever-
ages is a truly scientific and sanitary
advance in public taste. Protection of
the head is a subject which is well un-
derstood. It should not be forgotten
that the neck, as well as the cranium,
requires to be covered."

Very Important.

CLARA (Bobby's big sister). "I heard
father calling you a little while ago,
Bobby."

Bobby. "Did he say Robert or Bob-
by?"

CLARA. "He said Robert."

Bobby (with a serious look in his
eyes). "Then I guess I had better see
what he wants."

Know Thyself.

A single fact is worth a shipload of argu-
ment. This may well be applied to St. John's
Oil, which is more efficacious than all other
remedies. Mr. John Grogan, a well-known
editor of Washington, California, found it to be
indispensable as a cure for rheumatism. Price,
fifty cents.

A Cottager Wrestling With German.

Mr. Penellton has been forced, since
he took up his residence in Berlin as
the American Minister, to study the
German language persistently. In his
youth he had some knowledge of this
language, and even attended a course
of lectures at Heidelberg. But what
he had learned was soon forgotten, and
upon his arrival in Germany he found
himself in an awkward position.

Belaid!—An Irish editor, apologizing

for a rather serious blunder in his pa-
per, said, "I never saw the manuscript
till it was in print."

A Chicago merchant is going to have

his name stamped on 50,000,000 tooth-
picks. He seems quite desirous to have
his name in everybody's mouth.

New Books.

How To Be Happy Through Married Life.
By a Graduate in the University of Mat-
rimony; Charles Scribner's Sons.

"If wholesome advice you can brook,
When single too long you have tarried;
If comfort you'd gain from a book—
When very much wedded and married;
No doubt you should speedily look
In 'How to be Happy Through Married Life.'"
Punch. For sale by C. E. Hammett.

A WALKER IN CENTRAL AMERICA AND MEXICO.
By Helen S. Burdett.
A very readable and interesting account of a
land almost unknown, and of a people rarely
visited and written about. The journey ex-
tends to Guatemala. The Capital, Guatemala
City, is described as a large and pleasant town,
filled with Central American. Lee &
Shepherd. For sale by C. E. Hammett.

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ton.
Those who have read "Under the Turret"
will not be disappointed in a new book by
the same author. Perhaps the interest in the
story will not diminish if we hint that the
"late Mrs. Noll" may not be a very venerable
lady after all, and that in "turning up her
widow's weeds" in anticipation of orange
flowers, she is to be haunted by no memory
of the "dear departed." Charles Scribner's
Sons. For sale by C. E. Hammett—\$1.50.

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den.
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Gwendolyn's Tryst.

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well & Co. For sale by C. E. Hammett.

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imer.

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URED MAN.** By Oliver Goldsmith.



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